

Brooke Jonatha, Paris

L'Allemand used to visit me in Paris, in Paris
I remember the men, I remember the houses in Paris
His station nearby, I was his afternoons
We didn't mind, we shared everything, everything, in Paris
And he'd come in looking for comfort
Leave again looking to the left and the right...
Did we see too much, say too little
Stepping over every dark thing, would it all be true tomorrow
But, he loves me
Framing his face with my hands in the doorway,
I try to decipher the friend from the foe in his eyes
A man's skin will be blown back with time and confusion
'Til it gathers by his ears, in the same human shallows
Like sand at the sea...
Did he hear too much, say too little
Could any year recover what we lost in these
With the hum of the war in the run of the day
I walk with my head held high and naked in the sun
Claiming these streets for myself
I walk with my head held high and naked in the sun
Claiming these streets for myself, again
I am the unchanging narrative, I don't resolve neatly
And I am the unchained melody, the current of the need to survive
And I go on looking for comfort
I can no longer see to the left or the right...
But I walk with my head held high and naked in the sun
Claiming these streets for myself
I walk with my head held high and naked in the sun
Claiming these streets for myself
I walk with my head held high and naked in the sun
Claiming these streets for myself
I walk with my head held high and naked in the sun
Claiming these streets for myself